

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliu'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:
Their cheefest Prospekt, murd'ring Basilisks:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Confort full.
All the foule terrors in darke feared hell.

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byring cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in spore.

Q. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that sursets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Aduenture to be banished my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wert thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery feuerall pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Vaux.
Queen. Whether goes Vaux so fast? What newes I
prethee?

Vaux. To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall Beauford is at point of death:
For sodainly a greuous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humphries Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiesty,
That euen now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Go tell this heavy Message to the King.
Ay me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is coming.
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy fight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugges betweene it's lips.
Where from thy fight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou eether turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away: Though parting be a fierfull corosue,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wherefore thou art in this worlds Globe,
He haue an Iris that shall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A Iewell lockt into the wofull Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. This way for me.

*Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the
Cardinal in bed.*

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy
Soueraigne.

Ca. If thou bee'st death, He giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.

War. Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speaks to thee.

Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.

Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?

Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.

Aloue againe? Then shew me where he is,
He giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright;
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule:
Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,

Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,

Oh beate away the busie meddling Fiend,

That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,

And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.

Lord Cardinall, if thou thinkest on heauens blisse,

Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.

He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgiue him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are sinners all.

Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curraine close,

And let vs all to Meditation.

Exit.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Oranance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lien. The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,

Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:

And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Iades

That dragge the Tragick melancholy night:

Who with their drowfie, slow, and flagging wings

Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their misty Iawes,

Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:

Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,

For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,

Heere shall they make their rancome on the sand,

Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.

Maister, this Prisoner freely giue I thee,

And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:

The other Walter Whitmore is thy share.

1. Gent. What is my rancome Maister, let me know.

Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head

Mate. And so much shall you giue, or oft goes yours.

Lien. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,

And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?

Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:

The liues of those which we haue lost in fight,

Be counter-poyd with such a pettie summe.

1. Gent. He giue it fir, and therefore spare my life.

2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whim. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,

And so should these, if I might haue my will.

Lien. Be not so rash, take rancome, let him liue.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whim. And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now? why starts thou? What dorth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by Water I should dye:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,

Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly founded.

Whim. Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not,

Neuer yet did base dishonour blurre our name,

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell reuenge,

Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Comb.

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